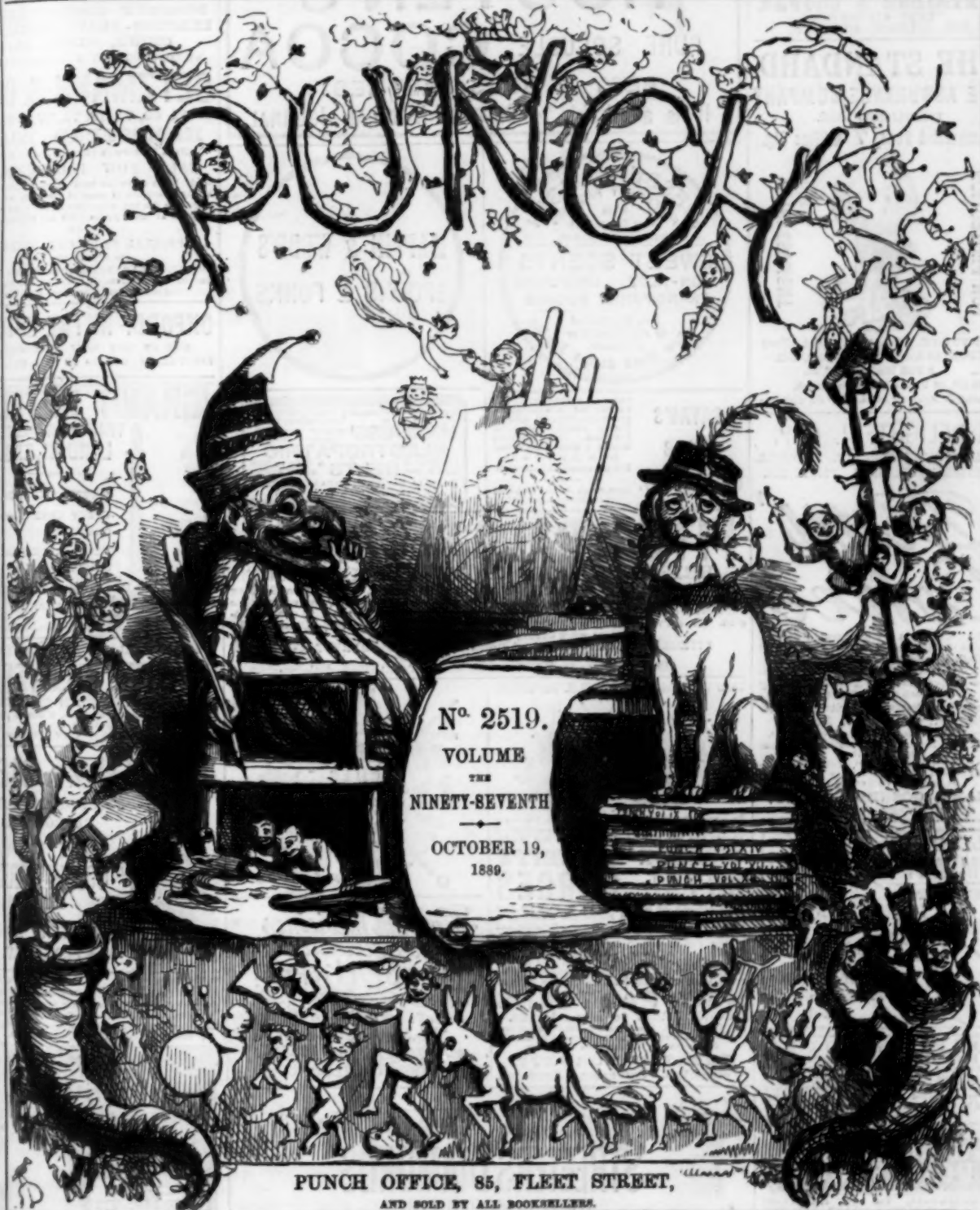


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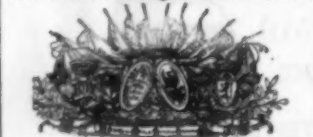
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## UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
*Le Diable Boiteux.*

## VII.

"TRIMALCHIO has his antitypes to-day,"  
 Smiled my companion. "Modern orgies pay,  
 Although Petronian pictures Of vulgar wealth and gloating *gourmandise*  
 Might rouse the puling hedonists they please  
 To self-condemning strictures."

"DIVES at dinner with his chosen guests  
 Behold!" A long array of low-cut vests  
 And shirt-fronts snowy-shining  
 I saw disposed about a festal board.  
 A marvellous sight is man, or lout or lord,  
 When dedicate to dining.

Eyes eager, fingers fleet, and pendulous lips!  
 Phœbus when feeding suffered some eclipse  
 Of dignity and beauty  
 E'en at Olympian banquet. But to eat  
 In company is, with the world's *élite*,  
 A sacred social duty.

These are fulfilling it with zealous zest:  
 Each straitened soul beneath each spacious vest  
 Is solemnly concentrated  
 Upon the *plat* before him, or the glass  
 From which his gloating gaze should scarcely pass,  
 Though Egypt's omen entered.

What skeleton can haunt this gorgeous feast?  
 Wealth of the West and glitter of the East  
 Most sumptuously are mingled.  
 And he who heads the board? Society's ear  
 At tales of daring fraud and furtive fear  
 Now and again hath tingled.

His tale, at least as yet, is unrevealed,  
 Behind that smooth and smiling mask concealed.

His pliant jackal yonder,  
 He of the wandering eyes and visage pale,  
 Could, and perchance may yet, unfold a tale  
 Petronian art might ponder.

What know, or guessing, care his gathered guests?  
 He is "good form" by all the modish tests,  
 At least to chat or wine with.  
 A man with millions must be *very* bad,  
 Who is not, though a charlatan or cad,  
 Quite good enough to dine with.

No, his guests know him not, their Sphinxian host.  
 Not many of his confidence may boast.  
 If all the world could see us  
 At Wealth's *symposia*, as in a glass,  
 'Twould fit with themes for a new *Golden Ass*  
 A modern Apuleius.

"London's young LUCIUS," sneered the Shade, "will meet  
 A scrutinising glance in every street.  
 He needs no transformation  
 Into the obvious Ass to point his tale,  
 Which, told, might turn e'en polished prurience pale,  
 And stagger stark sensation."

"TRIMALCHIO knows his guests. The smooth young Lord  
 Who loves the wines and "weeds" he can't afford;  
 The doctor subtle, sinister,



But softly smiling, whom no man may plumb,  
 The potent critic, here discreetly dumb,  
 The cold, astute ex-Minister;

"All have their places—and their prices—here,  
 With the mixed mob of mashers, stiff and drear,  
 Till wine, wit, song well chosen  
 Awake the slumbering animal within,  
 Then comes the cynic laugh, the satyr grin  
 To lips no longer frozen."

"The true Amphitryon is the Amphitryon  
 With whom one dines." When all the guests are gone,  
 Our host and his sleek henchman  
 Hold curious discourse, which, heard, might throw  
 Much modern light upon the pregnant *mot*  
 Of the ironic Frenchman.

"Say, shall we listen? How these *causidans* scorn  
 The venal talent and the greed well-born  
 They fawned upon so lately!  
 How mock the tastes Boottian, prurient, dense,  
 They pander to at such superb expense,  
 And smile on so sedately!"

I hear, and hearing sicken. This, said I,  
 Is modern modish hospitality  
 Glittering parade plus gulling,  
 Half ostentation, subtle scheming half.  
 How the coarse *cultus* of the Golden Calf  
 Man's finer sense is dulling!

Warmer the welcome of the Syrian tent  
 Than that on which this *parvenu* has spent  
 His calculated dollars.  
 The host who o'er his guests' dull greed can gloat,  
 Is but an *Atrous* in claw-hammer coat,  
 And the last thing in collars.

"Those guests," the Shadow answered, "did you hear  
 Their chat as they disperse, you'd deem, I fear,  
 Than their Amphitryon meander.  
 They mock the *nouveau riche*, his talk, his taste,  
 All but his Cook; exult that 'swagger' waste  
 Must leave his coffers leaner."

"Lord LIMPET, puffing at that last cigar,  
 Whispers to NEWCOMBE of the 'Nephthar'  
 Some toothsome private scandals  
 Anent 'our modern Midas.' JENKINS jeers  
 About the fitness of those 'fair large ears'  
 A stage-Titania handles."

And languid LUCIUS, in the latest cut  
 Of coat and collar? "Nay, our ears may shut"

To his sardonic chatter.  
 Our Golden Ass—we call him Gilded Youth—  
 Is ass all over, and his bray in sooth  
 Is no important matter."

(To be continued.)

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FOR the first time, in one of the volumes of Messrs. MACMILLAN's excellent re-issue, I have just read CHARLES KINGSLEY's *Plays and Puritans*. It was not by this Essay that KINGSLEY made his reputation as a writer. In it there is nothing fascinating in the style, and not much that any unprejudiced person—which KINGSLEY decidedly was not—with more than a superficial knowledge of the subject, would consider as trustworthy. Then follows his *Life and Times of Sir Walter Raleigh*, sketched with the pen of a rough-and-ready writer strong in graphic power. The volume concludes with an Essay on FROUDE. This perhaps KINGSLEY would not have written nowadays, in the face of recently discovered state-papers and authentic manuscripts which throw quite a new light on history that we have hitherto accepted as Gospel truth. KINGSLEY found that in this outspoken, manly, muscular-Christian style, lay his popularity, and, when it did not come naturally to him, he had to affect it, and the affectation is transparent and wearisome.

What on earth has happened to Mr. F. C. PHILIPS, the author of *As in a Looking-Glass*, that he should give us such an utterly weak, spun-out, stupid bit of a story as *Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship*? The Dean and His Daughter was second to, but a long way after, *As in a Looking-Glass*; and as for the others, *Little Mrs. Murray* was weak, and *Lucy Smith* weaker, and now Mr. Ainslie's Courtship is the weakest of all. The story could have been well and dramatically told in twenty pages of a magazine, but he spins two volumes. It is a thorough skipper's novel; and any novel-reader with an hour to spare, and absolutely nothing to do,—I won't say nothing better,—can skip through it very nearly as quickly as I tell the story, which briefly is this. Mr. Ainslie is accepted by Miss Keane; he loses his sight; Miss Keane throws him over, and marries Lord Helsham; Mr. Ainslie commits suicide. Then, in the last two pages, we ascertain that Lord and Lady Helsham's marriage is an unhappy one; that she goes back to her father; and that my Lord takes a "Mlle. STEPHANIE, of the Eden Theatre," out for a drive. *Voilà tout!* Has the hand of F. C. PHILIPS lost its cunning?

Capital number of the *Cornhill Magazine* for October. JAMES PAYN's Commentaries on the characters and incidents of his own Novel, *The Burnt Million*, very amusing; *Mostly Fools*, light and interesting; and *The Hundred Gates* is conceived and written in the true vein of humorous satire.

Most interesting and amusing are Mr. GEORGE AITKEN's two volumes about *Richard Steele*—the DICK STEELE, the scholar, the toping trooper for whom, among the wits and humorists of the past, THACKERAY entertained so strong an affection. The interesting illustrations are reproduced from photographs. They ought to have been STEELE engravings. "Dear FRUX," he writes to his wife, "I have been a little intemperate, and discomposed with it; but I will be very Sober for the future, especially for the sake of the most amiable and most deserving Woman who has made Me Her Happy Slave and Obedient Husband." DICK STEELE's life is summed up in this. BARON DE B.-W.

## TRANSVAAL TRANSFORMATION; OR, THE COLONIAL CINDERELLA.



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CINDERELLA sings:—

O HILLS, O valley! I rise, I rally. A radiant squadron of golden birds  
Of aureate feather all flock together in vision  
bright, which my soul engirds.  
I who was down now wear a gown of lustre  
not to be limned in words.

SWINBURNE sweet poet, you did not know it,  
when singing lately in words of flame  
Of South Coast splendour in tropes so tender,  
or else I'm sure you'd have changed the  
name  
Of your poem new, and have told—'tis true!  
—South Africa's title to flaming fame.

O goodness gracious! is it veracious, this tale  
of Ophir the New that's told?  
At Treasure Island I now may smile, and  
say STEVENSON'S fancy was brave and  
bold.  
But at this minute he is not in it with Trans-  
vaal Truth and my Tale of Gold.

My Golden Treasure I'll delve at leisure, but  
for the moment I'm mad with joy;  
I'm all a-flutter, I scarce can utter the  
thoughts that fill me. My gold-decoy  
Will draw all mortals to my new portals, I'll  
witch the rich, and the poor employ.

O RIDER HAGGARD, your wit was laggard;  
yea, even yours, I am sore afraid:  
Your great romances may fill man's fancies,  
but I am as real as Truth, or Trade,  
And I you'll see am dark Africa's She, the  
real, "She who must be obeyed!"

Miss Kilmansegg with her Golden Leg, was  
a poor attraction compared with Me.  
My Fairy Godmother is Gold! No other  
will mortal look at when her they  
see.  
I'm CINDERELLA, but not prunella, or cuir,  
or glass shall my slippers be.





### "SERMONS IN STONES."

*Tourist (of an inquiring and antiquarian turn).* "NOW I SUPPOSE, FARMER, THAT LARGE CAIRN OF STONES HAS SOME HISTORY?"

*Highland Farmer.* "OOH, AYE, THAT BUIO O' STANES HAS A GRAN' HISTORY WHATEVER!"

*Tourist (eagerly).* "INDEED! I SHOULD LIKE TO—WHAT IS THE LEGEND—?"

*Farmer.* "JUST A GRAN' HISTORY!" (Solemnly.) "IT TOOK A' MA CAIRTS FULL AND HORSES SIX MONTHS TO GATHER THEM AFF THE LAND AND FIT THEM THER-R-RE!"

"Dem Golden Slippers" will draw all trippers; look at them shining upon my feet  
In aureate glory! My wondrous story will fly the world round than light more fleet,  
And very shortly, all brave and courtly, princes galore at my throne will meet.

My sisters jealous will puff like bellows their swarthy cheeks at my golden luck.

"All things that glitter not gold?" They're bitter because a gold-field they have not struck.

Ho! sound the tabor! Flock hither, Labour! Fairy Godmother, you are a duck!

[Left pirouetting.

LEEDS FESTIVAL.—So great has been the success of Dr. MACKENZIE'S "Pibroch," written for SENOR SARASATE, that for next year the same composer has been commissioned to write an Oratorio for the Bagpipes only. The news has already got wind. Miss MAGGIE MACINTYRE has also been Macintyre successfully at Leeds. Scots wha hae! Hurrah for the "Two Maces!"

"TRUTH WILL OUT."—So Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD commenced life as a bagman! All honour to him. We never suspected it. Curious that his brethren of the road, who recently presented him with a testimonial, should have waited till the close of his Mayoralty to let the cat out of the bag.

SUGGESTION FOR THE D. T.—Another objectionable use of Tobacco:—"Chew quogue."

### FORTHCOMING NOVELTY.

WE understand that arrangements are already made for the serious Opera by Messrs. SULBERT and GILLIVAN. The title of the piece has not as yet been settled. It is not improbable that it may be called *The Prince of Padua*; or, *The Sexton and the Suicide*; but at the last moment, or any other moment, for the matter of that, this may be changed.

The story is briefly as follows:—The young *Prince of Padua*, a youth of scholarly tastes and melancholy temperament, is much grieved and distressed by the hasty marriage of his mother, a widow, with the brother of her late husband, who had met his death under exceptionally suspicious circumstances. The one brother was, in point of fact, poisoned by the other, for the very purpose of succeeding to his throne and wife. The murder is revealed to the Prince, his son, by a Scotch relation, gifted with second sight. He immediately determines to revenge his father's death, and in order to accomplish this end with more certainty and safety to himself, he feigns idiocy. Among other ingenious devices for bringing home the crime to the guilty person, he hits upon the following plan. The murder having been committed by means of a well-known anæsthetic, administered aurally during an after-dinner nap, the Prince takes advantage of an evening party at the Palace to get up a charade—the word chosen being thus divided—*Chlo-Reform*. The climax of the scene, when the convicted assassin, suddenly guessing the

charade, shrieks out, "Chloroform!" and then goes into hysterics, is one of the most highly-wrought situations in the piece. We need hardly remark on the splendid opportunity for a grand finale which the situation affords.

At a later stage of the drama, the Prince, who has been sent abroad on diplomatic business by his step-father, returns unexpectedly, only to find that the lovely *Lady Dulcinea*, to whom he had been betrothed, has committed suicide by drowning. At this point the Village Sexton first appears. This part was originally intended for Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH. His humorous business (with a song), while engaged in digging a grave for the departed lady, would have afforded this eminent comedian a magnificent opportunity for the display of his peculiar talent.

The precise incidents which bring about the dénouement have not finally been determined on, but it is understood that they will include the death of almost all the leading characters in the drama. The opera is in rehearsal. GILLIVAN has already composed the first four bars of the opening song, which we have been permitted to hear, and, without betraying a confidence, we may just whisper to the music-loving public that the new work will probably be the popular composer's *chef d'œuvre*. The objection raised by one timid friend of the Management that portions of the plot too nearly resemble the incidents of a Shakspearian Play, has very properly been dismissed as frivolous, and the greatest success is anticipated for the forthcoming novelty.



THE LATEST STRIKE.

FOR JUST A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S ROMP BETWEEN BATH AND BEDTIME.

## HOW WE STRUCK AT OUR SCHOOL.

(By a Boy Burns.)

**Monday.**—Great indignation meeting in the Jimnasium. Harranged the chaps on the iniquitous sistim of Impots, and the tierry of Irregular Virbs. All the fellows enthusiastic—except that young sneak FOOTLER. Organising unanimously resolved on. DOBBS wanting to know *how* you organised. Told him not to bother *me*, but do it. Must be firm with chaps like DOBBS.

**Tuesday.**—Maturring plans. Our numbers rappidly increasing. Swore in two dayborders, in the box-room, over crossed pocket-knives and a scull tobacco-pouch one of the fellows had. Drew up Ultimatom with POTT Major. Our Demands are: (1) No corporal punishment, except on the hand. (There isn't any at our School, but MORTERBORD might take it into his head to do it at any time, so we put it in.)



"Maxima debetur pueris."

That was all the grevances we could remember, but we reserved power to add to the number, if nesessary.

**Wednesday.**—Read Ultimatom to the chaps. All thought it cappatal, except old DUMPS, who said "we should never get it." Told him he was a funk. One of the dayborders brought us a flag he had painted on glassed calasoo, with the motto, "Death to Tirants! No Parsing!" A half holiday, so we could plot without attracting attention.

**Thursday.**—Posted inflammatry proklamation on blackbord where old MORTERBORD could see it. Thought we heard him coming, and tore it down. Felt we were not ripe yet for open Revilution. At evening prep. GASSITER Minor—like the young snipe he is!—called for "Three Cheers for Libaty!" and got kept in

by GIGLAMPS. How long will such outridges go on? Discontent general. Settled in the dormitries to go out after breakfast to-morrow.

**Friday.**—We have done it, all except a few blacklegs, like FOOTLER. Told off party to watch FOOTLER, and picket him—not too hard, unless he is obstinit. Marched in percesshun, with baners, round the town. Much sympathy from the plice and populus. Mass meeting outside tuckshop. Saw a fellow taking down all I said in a book, and thought he ment sneaking, but he was only reporting it for a London newspaper, which I don't so much mind. Slept pretty much where we could. One of the dayborders asked me home with him, and I was made pretty comfortable. His peple very respectful to me. Told them that I would sooner die than give in now!

**Saturday.**—More marching round. Some of the cads in the town asked to join us, and we let them, as they are too big to fight. Told them how we were made to do parsing and iregular virbs, and they were most indigent. Go round to other schools, to persuade the fellows to come out. I believe they would have, too, if they hadn't seen the cads. Tell a chap they call "BLACK JOE" that we'd rather he and his friends didn't come round with us. He says they're going to see us through with it. Told him if I let them stay, I should expect strict dissipline. I hate the grin some cads have. Back to MORTERBORD's to bring out all the black-legs; deminstration in front of school-gates. Think MORTERBORD might come out and meet me, as man to man, in a parley—I hung out a white flag! Believe he's skulking in the schoolroom. Our skirmishers have siezed FOOTLER as a hostidge. Tell BLACK JOE that, if anyone is to kick FOOTLER, I prefer to do it myself. He says he'll kick *me* if he has any of my jaw. If only he was a size smaller! FOOTLER is blubbing—says he believes both his shins are broken. These cads do hack hard. . . . This is too bad! BLACK JOE, and a fellow he calls "LARRIKIN BILL," and some more, are shying stones at the windows! This will probably delay a pieceable settlement with old MORTERBORD. BLACK JOE says "we haven't half pluck, and he and his mates will break into the school for us, and give the head-master a rare doing." Can't help seeing this must alinate popular sympathy with our cause. And Mother MORTERBORD and the kids too! I tell them we mean to strike like gentlemen, not cads, and we set our faces against violence. They only say "they'll smash our faces in if we don't take care," and go on aying. All the windows are smashed now—no more pocket-money for us this half! Hold a Council of War with the other fellows. We all agree that this sort of thing must be stopped. Ask BLACK JOE and his mates, quietly, how much they'll take to go away. They have taken all our watches, and knives, and pencil-cases, and every bit of money we had, and then gone off grumbling! Draw lots who shall go in and tell old MORTERBORD we are willing to listen to any propositions he may have to make. Glad old TWITTERS drew it, and not me!

**Saturday Night.**—Strike over. Agreed to refer justice of our demands to Committee of Arbitration, composed of fellows' parents. The ringleaders to submit to corporal punishment—not on the hand, which shows how corect my fourbodings were. All quiet now—except TWITTERS, who is snivelling. MORTERBORD took him first, certinly, but I don't believe he got it any hotter than me, and I didn't snivel—much. All the chaps in a bait with me—say I let them in for this! Ungrateful sneaks! Catch me sticking up for them another time, that's all!

**PROPHESY AND PROFIT.**—Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH seems to have cut the Savelay and gone in for a musical entertainment round the country, which is most successful, as long ago we predicted it would be. No one heard us predict it, but we did. The entertainment must be an inexpensive, jog-trot, quiet kind of travelling-circus affair; a one-horse show, with a little "G. G." in it. When "Gee-Gee" makes "a pony" a night as his profit in the country, let him remember our prophet in London.

"*The Day will Come*" is Miss BRADDON's new novel. From what we hear, its second title should be, *The Book will Go*. Our "Baron DE BOOK-WORMS" must see to this.

"O RARE 'BEN'!"—MADDISON MORTON's at the Haymarket.



## A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

THE best way of seeing the country, if you've anything like good weather, is to hire a sturdy Devonshire-trained horse, quite safe, and—as sound as you can get him. With a waterproof strapped on to the saddle, you can defy the elements to a certain extent,—though



Anne Trudger.

*Hints for Visitors.*—You can't do better than expend one penny in *Teiss's Pocket Guide*, in which the fares of hack conveyances of all sorts are given, the distances to all the principal places, and the excellent bye-laws regulating the conduct of the fly-men, who, if you're not prepared for them with a thorough knowledge of this handy volume, will impose upon the stranger's ignorance to any extent, and with a profession of the most engaging civility.

MISS BRONDESLEY is in raptures about her particular old donkey-woman, ANNE TRUDGER. Miss BRONDESLEY, after the first few days of walking and climbing, subsided into one of those bath-chairs drawn by a donkey and guided by ANNE TRUDGER. Seated in this, she makes triumphal progresses everywhere, laughing, nodding, waving the miniature pocket-handkerchief, and accompanied by a troupe of merry little COOKIES, generally enlivening the walk with snatches of melody which they have picked up from the Mysterious Minstrels, or from the black man in the Punch-and-Judy Show, and frequently by Our Own Mrs. COOK herself, in another similar chariot, with the smallest COOKY, sitting jubilantly astride the donkey as postilion, and at first making his mother very anxious for his safety, until she is convinced of his ability to hold on by the donkey's collar.

"I eat very little here," observes Miss BRONDESLEY, confidentially, to ANNE TRUDGER. "I think I want more exercise."

"Lor bless you, Miss, you don't want no more exercise than you takes with me," says ANNE TRUDGER, treating the case from not an entirely disinterested point of view.

"But I don't go climbing and walking, and all that sort of thing, you know," says Miss BRONDESLEY, playfully laughing.

"And you don't want to do it," replies ANNE TRUDGER, who has all the instincts of a courtier, if ever woman had.

"Oh!" exclaims Miss BRONDESLEY, "but I am not growing any thinner from eating so little."

"Ay coorse not, Miss," argues ANNE TRUDGER. Then she adds, decisively, "It's the air that's a nourishing of you. That's what it is," she repeats, as if confirming this opinion beyond all chance of dispute; "it's the air that's a nourishing of you."

Many of the donkey-chair proprietors, who are generally the drivers, reside in their neat cottages with considerable amount of garden, about a mile out of the town, at a place called Hele, at the foot of Hillsborough, or Hele's-borough. Though these donkey-chair people are a well-to-do and respectable class, you will generally find them "down at Hele."



People "down at Hele."

MRS. R.'s METEOROLOGY.—She is sadly afraid that very much mischief has lately been done by the equally-norxious gales.

## THE DUTCH DOCTOR.

[An ingenious Dutchman has invented an Automatic Doctor, which, after putting a penny into slots labelled with the names of various organs, supplies the public with appropriate medicines.]

PUT a penny in the slot, and, no matter what you've got,

Be it measles, gout, or jaundice, here are pretty little pills;  
Here's the Automatic Doctor, of cheap drugs a skilled concoctor,  
And he'll cure you for that trifle of all human aches and ills.

Is it liver, there's the place; just a penny cures your case;

For no sooner has it entered than medicaments come out.

You can get a pill or potion, plaster, ointment, draught or lotion;

For the doctor, says the Dutchman, knows right well what he's about.

If you feel your nerve is gone, here's a tincture gives you tone.

All the apertures are labelled after organs we possess;

'Tis a beautiful idea, you can find a panacea

For all ailments for a penny, when a little knob you press.

You need call no doctor in for your heart, or spleen, or skin;

Here are economic portions of all medicines for the sick;

You can shirk a consultation, which oft causes perturbation;

Just decide what organ's ailing—the machine can do the trick.

If you cannot sleep at night, here's a draught will put you right,

You can cope with indigestion at this little copper fee;

If you're "chippy" in the morning, after rules of diet scorned,

You can purchase for a penny what will rival "S. and B."

But be sure to bear in mind what's the matter, or you'll find

That you're treating the wrong organ, and that's not precisely fun;

While your *Punch* will bet a tanner that you'll have to go to JENNER

To repair the playful mischief the automaton has done.

## ECCENTRIC ART REVIVAL.

THE humorous monastic "carvers and sculptors" in Mediaeval times used to amuse themselves and their brethren by "making faces" in the wood and stone of our ancient churches and cathedrals. Whether nowadays this mediaeval example should be followed, and its scope developed so as to admit of general application, is a question which Mr. HANLEY, the sculptor of "the Corbel caricatures at Chester Cathedral," recently mentioned in the *Times*, seems to have settled in the affirmative. Mr. HANLEY has represented Mr. GLADSTONE, armed with a long crowbar, trying to upset the Church, which Lord BRACONFIELD, that guileless child of Israel, is endeavouring to prop up.

Of course, were there any chance of such representations becoming objects of an idolatrous worship to Primrose-Leaguers, faculties would at once be applied for, in order to have these comic images defaced or removed. But as this is not likely, where is the line to be drawn? May we look forward to a comic Liberal Cathedral, in which the sculptured heads will be all caricatures of Tory opponents, beginning with Lord SALISBURY, who would make an excellent corbel, as would also the HOME SECRETARY, ARTHUR BALFOUR, and Sir RICHARD TEMPLE. We fancy the Tory Cathedral would have the best of it, their sculptor having such heads to deal with as those of Messrs. BIGGAR, LABOUCHERE, BRADLAUGH, three beautiful subjects, not to mention the G. O. M. himself, G. O. M. Junior M.P. for Leeds, JOHN MORLEY in a cap of liberty, and last but not least, Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT. The heads of Liberal Unionists could be executed by sculptors of both parties, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with his eyeglass would be invaluable on many a corbel. In a Church and Stage Cathedral, we should expect to find among several very comic corbel faces, specially those of Rev. STUART HEADLAM and Mr. EDWARD TERRY spouting at the Church Congress, where, both as Vestryman, Churchwarden and actor, he seems, being on his trial, to have acquitted himself uncommonly well.

AN EXCEPTION.—Although, from time to time complaints of immorality and indecency have been urged against the Stage and Music-Halls, who has ever heard one word against a Circus Entertainment? Isn't this form of amusement the very one to which children in the holidays are most attracted? They go there for pure amusement. Adapting DUCROW's celebrated speech, purists might recommend everyone to "cut the Music-Halls, and come to the 'cesses.'"

New Spelling of Name of well-known Common Councillor much interested in Sewerage and in Music-hall morality:—THE MUCK DOUGALL.



## INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Mr. Plumpington. "A—YER! I WENT TO NUREMBERG ON BUSINESS, YOU KNOW, AND LEFT MY WIFE IN LONDON! I THOUGHT THE JOURNEY MIGHT BE TOO MUCH FOR HER!"

Tommy. "AH, I SEE. 'THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET—THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED AT HOME!'"

## ORPHEUS LULLS CERBERUS.

(Modern Teutonic Version.)

"Cerberus barked a little, and stirred himself; but, when I quickly struck my lyre, he was at once charmed to silence by the melody."—LUCIAN'S *Menippus*.

"'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-dog bark."

Well, that depends, my truly British BYRON. The triple-headed one is yelping. Hark!

That will not suit the Man of Blood and Iron.

To keep a watch-dog, and to bark oneself, is looked upon as quite the height of folly; [Guelph,

Perhaps—in that queer kingdom of the At present watched by my sagacious SOLLY.

But here—well, Cerberus serves us best when napping—

I cannot have too much promiscuous yapping.

Good dog, and useful!—under due control.

An obvious "leader," or obtrusive muzzle Would hardly do. No, I must seek my goal

By other paths that duller wits might puzzle. [here;

Mowat's frank mandate would not suit us To nab this dog would beat the average

"Bobby;"

But I'll make shift to catch him—by the ear; [hobby.

Lyre-thrumming, à la Orpheus, is my He and Apollo at the art might whip us,

But—I'm as good a mimic as Menippus.

My own Eurydice,—I call her Paz,— I must secure, and mean to, at all hazards.

To soothe the triple heads my powers will tax;

I'd like to smite the monster "o'er the mazzards."

As SHAKESPEARE says, but that will hardly do;

They might resent it, and begin to wrangle.

No. I will try the charm of tootle-too,

Likewise the subtle spell of twingle twangle.

And when I've patly played my part as Cerberus will soon be in the arms of Morpheus

Two heads of him at least; as for the third, With that I have a private understanding.

That "OUTIDANOS," (he is most absurd), Fancies his skill at Cerberus-commanding;

Thinks he's a better Orpheus, far, than I: He may be—upon trees and (British) cattle;

But I should like to see the sophist try To soothe this creature; there would be a

battle!

He'd soon be in the state—oh, *absit omen!*— Of him who angered those wild Thracian

women.

He subtle and sagacious "OUTIS"? Nay, He's much more like a purblind Poly-

phemus, Flinging big rooks about in his wild way.

He may out-chat, but he can't out-scheme us.

Yes, I must keep my own dear Cerberus calm My policy's not mad, but metamorphic.

Tum-tum! That falls upon his ears like balm. Twang-twang! I think that strain is truly

Orphic.

He thinks I'm really Orpheus and no stranger, And whilst he's in a drowse, there's little

danger. [Left twangling.

## A LATE LOVE-SONG.

For me alone!

I know not why it should be so, She loves me—will not let me go; Yet I am—I will own it—slow, And round the waist inclined to grow. Yet glances she will at me throw, Which make my heart with rapture glow, And this is too absurd you know. The great world passing to and fro Was fain to leave her on the shelf. Whatso? She keeps her sacred self For me alone!

For me alone!

She is not fair to outward view; Her loveliness I never knew Until the girls were getting few Who took my vows *au sérieux*. And, fancy to affection true, Proceeded lavish to endure With every grace the pallid shrew, Who, like Diana, will pursue The heart, though not without an "E." And fixes her affections free On me alone!

For me alone! She will not brook Trim parlour-maid or comely cook; She shepherds me with shortest crook, And sees in my austere look Things that one reads in yellow-book. I should not mourn if she forsook This strain'd fidelity, and took Herself awhile to other scenes; Though well—though very well—she means, She grapples me with steely hook; Ah! would she leave our ingle-nook To me alone!





ORPHEUS-BISMARCK LULLS CERBERUS TO SLEEP.



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### "BROTHERHOOD" PROSPECTS.

*The Rev. Quiverful (watching his Daughters at play). "By the way, MARIA, WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUNG BROTHER ANSELMUS TO THE HOUSE SOMETIMES! HE'S SUCH A NICE MAN!"*

*Mrs. Q. "WHAT'S THE GOOD? HE HAS TAKEN VOWS OF CELIBACY!"*

*The Rev. Q. "ONLY FOR A YEAR, MY LOVE,—OF WHICH SIX MONTHS HAVE ALREADY EXPIRED!"*

### THE LIBERTIES OF LICENCE.

THE Committee of the London County Council again met at the Surrey Sessions House, Newington Causeway, yesterday, to hear applications for licences from the proprietors of out-door shows and street amusements; and the proceedings, owing to the persistent opposition of one or two members of the Committee, were of the usual lively character, and excited a considerable amount of local interest. The first case taken was that of Mr. MUGGINS, the proprietor of an itinerant Punch-and-Judy Show.

Mr. NOLAND, in explanation, said that his client, the applicant, had, since he last came before the Committee, provided, as directed, fresh exit from his show in case of fire, and trusted that his licence would be renewed.

Mr. McMUCHADOO rose and said, apart from all considerations of public safety, he strongly objected to the character of the exhibition altogether, as highly improper, degrading to public morality, and subversive of all regard and respect for law and order in the popular mind of the audiences who assembled to witness it. What was Punch? He was represented as a ferocious and bloodthirsty, gin-voiced villain, armed with a huge rolling-pin, with which he murdered, in turns, his wife, his friends, and the merest casual acquaintances who dropped in to see him.

A Butcher Boy, who said he frequently attended the performances, here observed that he thought it "a jolly good lark"—a remark which elicited a burst of prolonged cheering from the public in the Sessions House.

*The Chairman (excitedly).* If there is any further grossly indecent manifestation of this description, I'll have the Court cleared, and the entire audience thrown bodily out of window at once.

The Proprietor urged that Punch only knocked people about in a jovial, good-natured sort of way. Of course his ideas and those of the Committee might differ as to the meaning of jovial and good-natured. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. McMUCHADOO said that was evident. He objected strongly, too, to the Beadle, as the representative of Authority, being knocked on the head together with the common crowd. It seemed to him that in this there was a covert attack on the County Council itself. But his complaints did not end here. On several

occasions on which he, in the discharge of his duty, had listened to the entertainment, he had noticed a song of a highly improper and suggestive character put into the mouth of a clown. What had the proprietor to say in defence of that song?

The Proprietor said he saw nothing in the song whatever. It was only one verse taken from an old nigger song book.

*Mr. McMuchadoo (to the Proprietor).* I happen to have taken it down, and I ask you whether the following words are fit to be uttered before a mixed audience of both sexes in the public thoroughfares (*reading*):—

"Lubly ROSA, SAMBO come,  
Don't you hear de banjo, tum, tum, tum.  
Someone in de copper wid Jo!"

*The Proprietor.* Well, I don't see what you've got to object to in that.

*Mr. McMuchadoo.* "Got to object to?" Why, the whole thing is most suggestive. Who is in the copper with Jo? It is open to anyone to infer that it may be the ROSA already mentioned, and that I consider a highly improper inference.

The Proprietor said the word should be altered to "no-one" in the copper with Jo. It would serve his purpose equally well, if it would suit the views of the Committee.

Mr. McMUCHADOO said he thought the change smacked of subterfuge, but that the Committee would take it into consideration when discussing the matter presently. But he had still grave objections to make. It was bad enough to lower the general moral standard by the introduction of such features into an entertainment. What had he to say to bringing the Devil on the scene? Was not that a distinct attempt to tamper with public faith, as well as public morals?

The Proprietor said he certainly did not see it in that light. The Devil was only introduced as a sort of comic Bogey, as an appropriate finish to the whole affair. To take it in a serious light was, indeed, stretching a point. Why, to show the jocular vein in which the whole entertainment was conceived, Punch brought down the Curtain, so to speak, by twirling the Devil about on the top of his stick.

*Mr. McMuchadoo.* Yes, and I consider such a termination eminently horrible and theologically shocking.

The Committee then retired to consider their decision. In less than three minutes they returned, when the Chairman announced that they had decided on recommending the Council not to renew the licence. The Proprietor's application was, therefore, refused. The announcement was received with signs of consternation by an angry and threatening crowd, who, however, on receiving an assurance that there would be an appeal on the matter coming up for consideration before the whole Council, with "Mr. ROSEBERY" in the chair, when it was expected that the narrow and bigoted action hitherto followed by this Committee in this and other cases would be signally reversed, quietly separated, and the proceedings terminated.

QUITE PLATEFUL.—"A SUFFERER" writes,—“Sir, I have a riddle to ask you. At Toole's Theatre a piece was produced on Monday last which taxed my patience to the utmost. It was adapted from the French. No doubt in the original it was full of *risqué* situations, and certainly, even after submission to the Licensor, it was still far from lacking suggestiveness. Well, it was very long, and very dull, and not too well played. And yet, under the title of *The Bungalow*, it was acted, and is still being acted (so far as I know), at Toole's Theatre. Now for the riddle that has been puzzling me ever since I saw the piece. Given the theatre and the play, why was the one used for the other? Do you give it up? So do I!—unless the joke was in the title—*The Bungle O!*”

VERY SMART AND UP TO DATE.—We see advertised a new work by HAWLEY SMART, entitled, *Without Love or Licence*. Probably *à propos* of the Music-hall County Council question. If so, it should be announced as by MUSIC-HAWLEY SMART.

MR. SHARPER always dealt himself a good hand of trumps. Subsequently suspicions were aroused as to his not playing fairly. "Ah," observed a considerable loser at cards, "that accounts for a good deal."



### DRAMATIC CONTRAST.

*Portrait of Music-hall Proprietor (any time during the year except September, listening to Lionne Comique Songstress).*

"SHE'LL DO! RATHER SPICY! SONG AND DANCE! HA! HA! BY JOVE! THAT'LL FETCH 'EM! WHAT'S THE GOOD OF HAVING A LICENCE IF YOU DON'T TAKE A LITTLE NOW AND THEN!"

*Portrait of the Same on Licensing Day, before the Licensing Committee of the County Council.*

*Counsel (for the Licence).* "MY CLIENT AGREES THAT THE SONG AND DANCE WAS OF A MOST OBJECTIONABLE CHARACTER, AND THAT IMMEDIATELY HE HEARD IT HE FORBADE THE LIONNE COMIQUE SONGSTRESS EVER TO SING IT AGAIN, ON PAIN OF DISMISSAL." [*Licence renewed.*]

### FROM PARIS TO LONDON.

(Comparison of Theatricals, with a Suggestion for "The Middleman.")

THERE yet may be some things "which are managed better in France;" but certainly theatres are not of the number. Except the Grand Opéra, there is not a comfortable theatre in Paris,—not even the Français; and, as to scenic effect, go where you will, it would be difficult to find the spectacle of Drury Lane, the Lyceum and the Adelphi equalled, still less excelled. Again, the way in which a comedy is placed on the stage of the Gymnase would not be tolerated at any one of our Comedy theatres.

And then the French *ingénues*! Take the best representative of the type, whom, as the Standard-bearer in the song says of "the Lady of his love"—"I will not name," and what a mass of affectation she is,—how coarsely painted, how artificial! As an example of what they cannot do better in Paris, I would instance the two young girls in *The Middleman* at the Shaftesbury. For simplicity of "make-up," for gentle pathos and sprightly humour, commend me to Miss MAUD MILLET for the first two, and to Miss ANNIE HUGHES for all three combined. Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES seems to have been unconsciously thinking of *Esther* and *Polly Eccles*,—though I doubt if he had a *Caste* in his mind's eye, while scheming out this really well-conceived and admirably-written drama,—when he designed these characters, and assigned to one of them the officer lover, and to the other the common artisan. But, be that as it may, here are two *ingénues*, two young middle-class girls, possessing some educational and social advantages, perfectly played by two young actresses without the over-Indian-ink'd, belladonna'd "lovely black eyes," without such adventitious aids to beauty as pink ears, coloured eyelids, powdered faces, pearl-whitened arms and hands, and rose-pinked nails, without which French actresses of no matter what age, young or old, ingenuous or crafty, never seem to consider themselves "fit to be seen" on the stage,—or, perhaps, off it.

As to the play itself, which Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES tells me

was directly inspired by Mr. Punch's picture and poem about the Middleman,—this too is among the things that couldn't have been written better in France. Mr. MACKINTOSH is the Middleman he represents, who stands between the inventor and the public; *Batty Todd*, excellently played by Mr. CAKE, battens on the Middleman. *Batty* (O Shades of Astley's Amphitheatre!) rides the Middleman.

Could the representative of *Cyrus Blenkarn* be improved upon in Paris anywhere? No. Mr. WILLARD is a powerful performance, never exaggerated, never obtrusive, and only once theatrical, and that, I should say, is probably the fault of author and actor. I allude to the last situation:—A letter arrives, the contents of which the audience may subsequently guess from the events, but do not know at the time, and never do really know, as only Miss HUGHES and Mr. GARDEN (excellent!) are in the secret; then *Captain Julian*, who has now married *Blenkarn's* daughter, whom he had previously betrayed, comes in alone, for the evident theatrical reason of affording Mr. WILLARD a chance to give *Julian* a violent shaking, as if about to take his life; then a second chance of showing how he can suffer from a sudden revulsion of feeling (perfectly unintelligible on any but theatrical grounds), when he commands the Captain to produce his wife, of whose identity with his daughter he is unaware; and a third chance, of course, when his daughter *Mary*, whom he believes dead, and who is now Mrs. *Captain Chandler* (of the first Night Lights), enters, when there is nothing left for Mr. WILLARD except to go off his head (which wouldn't do), or to be killed by the sudden shock, which of course would be too tragical an ending, or to go through a whole cycle of emotions in half a minute, and fall speechless on his daughter's neck. It is the last alternative which the actor selects, and does it admirably, and, on this touching situation, reached by a conventional theatrical process, the Curtain descends.

Success condones this employment of theatrical artifice, which is the only blot on the piece; that is, as it seems to me. Here is the remedy. Why shouldn't that first-rate old scoundrel, Mr. MIDDLE-





MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 3. L-RD GR-NV-LLE.

NAN MACKINTOSH, have cleared his son's character, and confessed to his having destroyed the letter in which his son offered marriage? When Chandler the Bankrupt wants to ingratiate himself with Blenkarn the Capitalist, isn't this exactly what he would have done, so as to wipe off the heaviest item in the score that Blenkarn has against him? Then when that secret information is received by Miss HUGHES and Mr. GARDEN, couldn't AUTHOR JONES have contrived some situation analogous to the one in *Caste*, where the lively sister gradually prepares the sad widow for the re-appearance of her

husband? Imagine a similar scene, played by Miss HUGHES, Mr. GARDEN, and Mr. WILLARD, leading up to the entrance of the daughter, followed by her husband, both of whom have already arrived, have been seen by the audience, and kept in the background until the psychological moment. I have no hesitation in saying that this would have been a grand scene and a strong situation worth a dozen such stereotyped theatrical makeshifts as is the one which now brings down the Curtain. But I don't suppose that HENRY AUTHOR will alter this at the suggestion of THE MIDDLE-MAN.



SUPEREROGATION. (A Recent Sketch in Holborn.)

## POLICE INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

(Supplied by our Prophetic Reporter for 1895.)

YESTERDAY, the Duke of SOUTH KENSINGTON, the Marquis of BEDFORD PARK, the Earl of AQUARIUM, Lords BELGRAVIA, TYBERNIA, and BURLINGTON OF ARCADIA, with some thirty other Noblemen and Gentlemen, were charged before the presiding Magistrate with being proprietors of a gambling Club known as "Black's," and taking part in certain games of chance called whist, *écarté*, and billiards.

The Inspector-General of Police (instructed by the London County Council) prosecuted, and the Defendants were represented by Sir GEORGE LEWIS, Bart., M.P.

The Inspector-General of Police stated that, from information received from the Inquisitor-in-Chief of the London County Council, he had caused "Black's," to be watched night and day for the last two months.

*Sir George Lewis.* What has the London County Council to do with a prosecution of this character? Surely their jurisdiction only extends to Music-Halls?

*The Magistrate.* I will make a note of your objection, Sir GEORGE. The Inspector-General explained, that he believed that Music-Halls had ceased to exist for some time, owing to the action of the Council, and that several of the larger establishments had been purchased by the same body and converted into workhouses.

*Sir George Lewis.* And I suppose the workhouses are now filled with the employees of the Music-Halls?

*The Inspector-General.* I believe so.

The Prosecutor then described how the raid upon the Club was conducted. It appears that, at half-past eleven, after the theatres were over, half-a-dozen police-constables made a rush for the hall-porter, whom they succeeded in gagging with "the latest intelligence," which had just arrived on a slip from the House of Commons. Having overcome this obstacle (who made a desperate resistance), thirty more constables were introduced, and a vigorous search was made for the page-boys, who, it was believed, would give an alarm, and thus frustrate the intention of the Authorities.

SIR GEORGE asked if the Inspector-General had any warrant authorising him to arrest the page-boys.

The Inspector-General replied that he had not—but this point was immaterial, as the page-boys were out on strike, the Committee having declined to allow them to wear tail-coats instead of buttons. (Laughter.) He continued: The coffee-room was then searched, and the Duke of SOUTH KENSINGTON, and the Marquis of BEDFORD PARK were immediately arrested.

*Sir George.* Were not His Grace and the noble Earl only partaking of grilled bones, and a pint of light champagne?

The Inspector-General (who promised to produce the supper-bill) said this might be the case, but His Grace was heard to offer to challenge the noble Lord to "match him" who should settle with the head waiter.

*Sir George.* Surely "Matching" is not a game of chance?

*The Magistrate.* I have been looking through the Act of HENRY THE EIGHTH, upon which these proceedings seem to be founded, and I fancy that "Matching" would come within the meaning of the statute. I am not sure, but I fancy that Cardinal WOLSEY used to indulge in some such game at Hampton Court; but I will consult the Authorities at the British Museum.

*Sir George.* And these Noblemen and Gentlemen are to be put to

the inconvenience of appearing before your Worship because some statute was passed three or four hundred years ago with the evident intention of causing annoyance to Cardinal WOLSEY!

*The Magistrate.* Well, you know, Sir GEORGE, we do not make the laws. We have only to see that they are not infringed.

*The Inspector-General (continued).* The Police, after leaving the supper-room, then entered an apartment where a game of Pyramids was progressing.

*Sir George.* Is it suggested that the Police actually saw the billiard-balls on the table?

The Inspector-General replied that it was not, but on searching the pockets of one of the Defendants (Lord BURLINGTON OF ARCADIA), no less than five red balls were found in his Lordship's coat-pockets, and the Marker, on the entrance of the constables, was seen to swallow the remainder. Twelve of the Defendants were taken in the billiard-room, but several other Members (not at present in custody) escaped through the window. One person, well known to the Police as a prize-fighter, of the name of "JIM the Infant Slogger," made no determined resistance that he made good his escape.

*Sir George.* Is it suggested that "JIM the Infant Slogger" is a member of "Black's"?

The Prosecutor said that he had been given to understand that the gentleman in question was an Hon. Member under a rule of the Club which permitted the Committee to elect to Hon. Membership persons distinguished in Literature, Science, and Art.

*Sir George (after consultation with his Clients).* I find that the gentleman is an Hon. Member.

*The Magistrate.* I am not surprised to hear it. As a pupil of "JIM the Infant Slogger," I can myself testify to his claims to Science.

(Cheers, which were with difficulty suppressed by the Usher.

*The Inspector-General (continued).* After leaving the billiard-tables, the Police visited the card-room, where they found a number of the Defendants busily engaged in playing whist. There was no attempt to conceal the cards up their sleeves.

*Sir George (indignantly).* I should think not! My clients are not card-sharppers!

The Inspector-General said, that *écarté* was also being played in the card-room, and there was one old gentleman fast asleep over a cribbage-board.

*Sir George.* I think you were present at this point. Why were not the Members arrested at once? I am instructed that there was some delay.

*Inspector-General.* Well, I am an old whist-player myself, and I did not like to interrupt the game until the conclusion of the rubber.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS then addressed the Bench, contending, that the case had not been made out. Pyramids and Whist were not games of chance, and as for "Matching," with the assistance of a lucky halfpenny, that also might be removed from the same category. No doubt his Worship would remember that a kindred amusement known as "Pitch-and-toss" had been decided not to be a game of chance.

*The Presiding Magistrate.* Can you give me the case you are quoting?

*Sir George.* Certainly. You will find it in Q.B.D., page 11,897. It is the case of *Cox versus Box*, Bouncer interpleading. However, if your Worship decides to send the matter for trial, I, on behalf of my clients, will reserve the Defence.

The Magistrate said he had given this case very careful consideration, and had come to the conclusion that he had no option, but must send the Defendants to be tried at the Central Criminal Court. He did not wish to increase the pain that an appearance before him under such humiliating circumstances must cause to so many men of light and leading, but it was his duty to point out to them that there was no excuse for their conduct. If they wanted to gamble, why did they not go to the Stock Exchange, or Tattersall's, where they might indulge their taste to the utmost without fear of unpleasant consequences.

The Defendants were then admitted to bail in £20,000 each, with one surety for the same amount. SIR GEORGE LEWIS having tendered himself as security for all his clients, the proceedings terminated.

A NEW "TEACHER'S ASSISTANT."—Last week's *Saturday Review* has an article entitled "Music hath Charms," describing a system of education "apparently of American devising," that shows how easily boys may be taught by the teacher singing the instruction, and his pupils joining in chorus. Among the examples given is the following, where the teacher sings, recitatively:—

"Black and wintry is the sky,"

and then the boys are to sing it all together. There is nothing novel in this. In *Betsy* the tutor adopts this plan for teaching dynamics and mechanics, and selects the air of "Said Aaron to Moses," his pupils answering their instructor with "Right you are, says MOSES," which would be very appropriate, by the way, if the tutor were demonstrating the agreement of scientific geological theories with the Biblical cosmogony.

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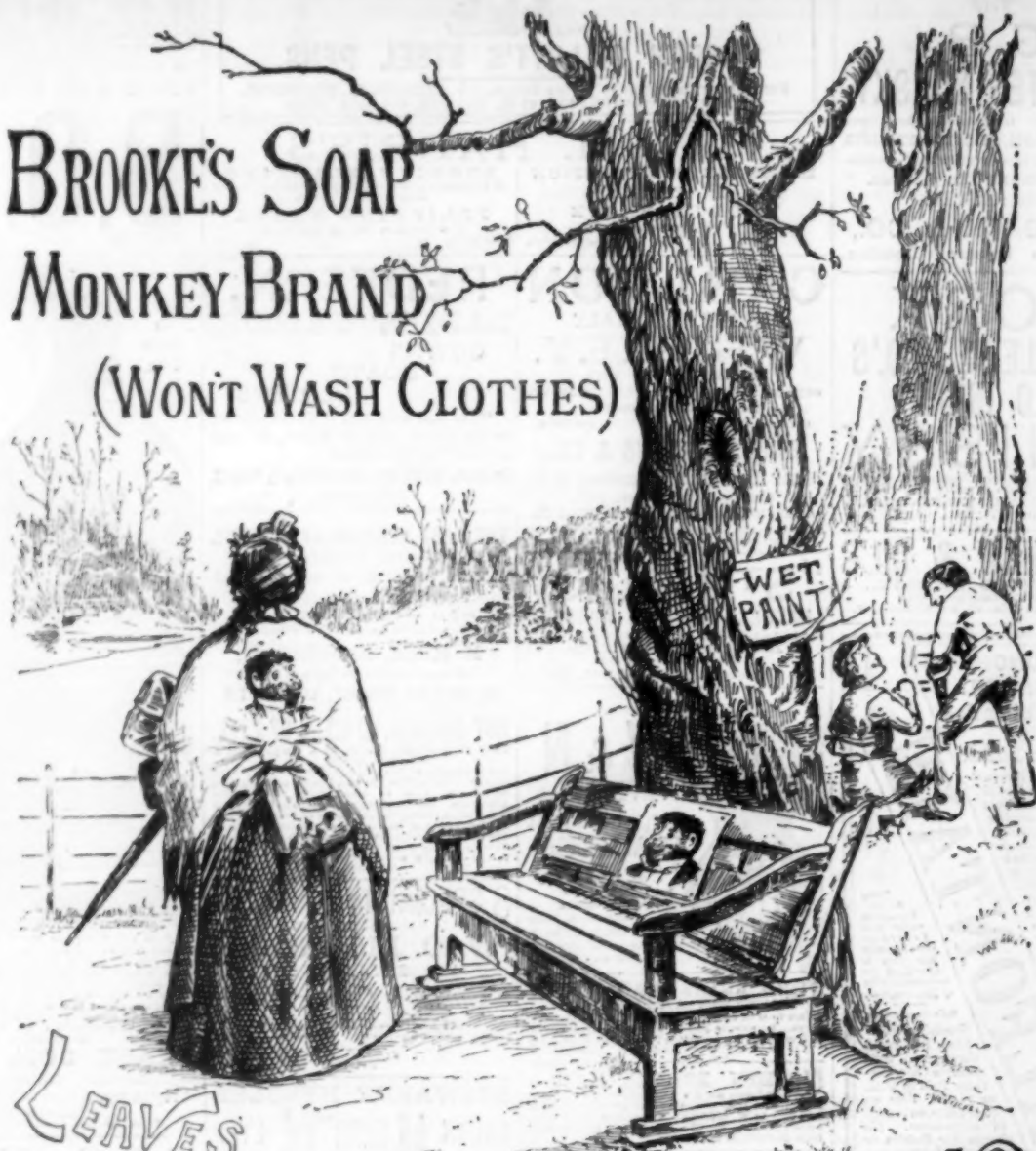
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